



MAE WOOD

PLATT WINS SUIT.

Mae Wood Is Committed for Perjury in Divorce Case.

Mae C. Wood's divorce suit against Senator Thomas C. Platt was dismissed by Justice O'Gorman in the New York Supreme Court Thursday afternoon and immediately afterward the justice committed Mrs. Wood to the Tombs in default of \$5,000 bail on a charge of perjury. This startling end to the case was no less sudden than sensational. The taking of evidence over, Justice O'Gorman had asked her a few questions concerning her claims and had then listened to a short address by her counsel in opposition to a motion to dismiss the suit on the pleadings and evidence.

The lawyer's apologetic argument ended, Justice O'Gorman leaned forward in his chair and delivered himself of this short but positive opinion:

The court cannot credit the plaintiff's evidence as to the alleged marriage, and the testimony in the case impresses the court with the belief that it is a most wicked design to support a fictitious claim by forgery and perjury. The court cannot believe from the evidence that there ever was a marriage. On the merits of the case every issue has resulted in the court's impression that the plaintiff has committed willful perjury in this case. Being impressed with plaintiff's guilt of perjury, the court commits her to the city prison unless she furnishes bail in \$5,000.

Delivered with all the impressiveness that goes with a black silk gown and a judicial position, these words fell like thunderbolts on the Wood camp.

The case was one of the most remarkable suits ever to come up in New York City. A United States Senator, a feeble man of 75 years, the president of the United States Express Company, a grandfather, the father of adult sons, the husband of a second wife whom he married five years ago—such a man being sued for divorce by a woman who claims to have secretly married him nearly seven years ago. The woman who brought this astounding action is Mrs. Mae C. Wood, or Wood-Platt, as she calls herself. The defendant was Thomas Collier Platt, for decades the political boss of the great State of New York and now representing that commonwealth in the upper house of Congress for the third time.

Mrs. Wood, who was herself divorced by Albert Wood years ago, began her suit for a divorce from Senator Platt on the ground of his marriage to Mrs. Janeway, and it was the trial of this suit that resulted in her commitment to jail as a perjurer. The two most important links in her chain, the marriage certificate and the "confession," were made her own worst accusers when the defense finally displayed its hand. Months of patient detective work, weeks of microscopic study by handwriting experts, and day after day of testimony taken by deposition in various cities and States, demolished the carefully built fabric of evidence Mrs. Wood had prepared. The marriage certificate was traced to the stationers who sold it; from them to the lithographers who printed it. It was shown conclusively that this certificate, purporting to have been drawn on Nov. 9, 1901, was not printed until 1902. The other link in Mrs. Wood's chain, the "confession," in which Platt was made to acknowledge her as his wife, seemed to almost cry out for itself that it was an impudent fraud.

Daniel Frohman, president of the Actors' Fund of America, which held its annual meeting in New York, told those assembled that the fund, in its twenty-seven years of existence, had disbursed more than \$1,000,000 to the needy, but that the last year showed a deficit of \$27,000.

Denying that he intended to pave the way for an international marriage, Prince Prospero Colonna of Italy arrived in Washington with his son, Prince Mario Colonna, and the Marquis of Sozani.



SENATOR T.C. PLATT

HOMES FOR POOR MEN.

Easy to Acquire Under the Operation of the "Carey Act."

For the poor man the government has provided a plan under which land can be homesteaded at practically no cost. For the man who can arrange to pay a small sum each year in 10 annual installments there are great projects that have been undertaken by the United States reclamation service. But there is another large class of those who wish to own a small section of ground that they can call their own, and this class is composed of men who cannot afford to drop all of their present affairs and take up their residence for five years in a new country, as would be necessary if they either acquired a homestead on the prairie or obtain land that is irrigated by the government. For all such there is what is known as the "Carey act" lands.

The Carey act provides for the segregation of 1,000,000 acres of arid land in a State. This land is to be sold for not to exceed 50 cents an acre and is to be irrigated by private companies. In order to obtain water rights for this land it is necessary for the settler to enter into a contract with the company that does the irrigating and to agree to pay a certain amount a year in easy installments. This is from \$3 to \$4 a year for each acre, as a rule. When the entire amount has been paid the irrigating system passes into the ownership of those who have acquired the water rights.

One of the most interesting things about the Carey act is that under its provisions only a short residence is necessary and a teacher, professional man or capitalist can spend a short vacation on the ground, make the small payment required and obtain title. In Wyoming, where the Big Horn Basin Development Company has just thrown open 245,000 acres for settlement, a residence of 30 days is all that is required.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

The Continental Express Company, through which the Chicago, St. Paul and Milwaukee road is to operate its own express business, has filed articles of incorporation in the States where this is required.

Dynamite was used in an attempt to blow up the home of Charles Kirchner, a non-union woodworker, in Chicago. No one of the seven occupants was hurt, but the windows in the front of the cottage were shattered and the stairs leading to the front door were reduced to splinters by the force of the explosion. Kirchner had left the union and joined a rival organization.

A labor colony, removed from the influence of walking delegates by a ten-foot fence, is being established by the Corn Products Company on the banks of the drainage canal near Summit. The \$1,000,000 new plant of the company is to be completed with non-union labor. To avoid interference by walking delegates from the city, cottages have been built inside the enclosure.

Fire in Holliday, Read & Sons' chemical works, New York, caused damage to the extent of \$60,000.

CHURCH MUST MAKE THE NATION BETTER

Plea of Retiring Moderator, Dr. Roberts, Before the Presbyterian General Assembly.

WOMEN ARE THE PILLARS.

Indifference of Men to Religion Explored—Statistics as to Growth of the Church.

With officers and leading ministers of the church in America, as well as prominent laymen and foreign missionaries in attendance, the one hundred and twentieth general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States began its sessions in Convention Hall at Kansas City. The most important business of the first day was the election of a moderator to succeed Rev. William Henry Roberts, D. D., of Philadelphia.

The feature of the morning session was the opening sermon by the retiring moderator. It was largely a plea for co-operation of the churches in fighting the many influences opposed to the Christian religion in this country. Above every other nation of modern times, Dr. Roberts said, the United States represents those widespread movements which are lifting men out of the narrowness of caste, which are making the world a neighborhood and which seek the welfare not of a class or classes, but of the whole people.

Evangelization the Great Need. The retiring moderator in his sermon said in part:

In this land to-day the churches confront conditions of a notable character. The world which God made is in a sense within our borders. Its multitudes are pouring into every corner of the country. The populations of Europe, in particular, are accessible through us to the influence of the gospel in a marked manner. So vast is the movement that it can be said, as was said at Pentecost, that men out of every nation under heaven are in our midst.

Opposed to the Christian churches in our country are to be found many evil influences. There is the irreligion of the average immigrant, the presence of an inordinate commercial spirit, the Gallic-like attitude of a majority of our political leaders, who care for no religious opinion whatever, but solely for self, and, above all, the practical unbelief of the majority of American men. We are a Christian nation only because three-fourths of our women are Christians. Everywhere there is the need, whether we have regard to our native population or the foreign immigrant, for persistent, united evangelistic and educational work. We must go forth everywhere under the influence of the "love divine, all love excelling" under the influence of the love for the world of God the Father, and of the saving power of Jesus Christ, the only and all-sufficient Divine Savior, proffering unto every creature that salvation which is profitable both for the life that now is and for the life that is to come. We must unceasingly strive to win America for Christ, that we may thereby win the world for Him.

Church Growth Recorded. In connection with the opening of the general assembly, the Interior, Chicago organ of the Presbyterian Church, presents statistics of the denomination for the year. It is shown that the presbyteries have organized 195 churches and dissolved 103. This practically corresponds to last year's record. It appears that the ministry has made a net gain of seventy-six men in the interesting commerce of trading preachers with other denominations.

That the church has gone on growing at about the usual rate is indicated by the total of additions. The net total church membership at present is 1,287,220, and that of Presbyterian Sunday schools, 1,137,743. Gifts to foreign missions aggregated \$1,453,852, to home missions \$1,482,492, to education \$113,237, to Sabbath school work \$173,473, to church erection \$184,646 and to aid for colleges \$484,263. Congregational expenses reached a total of \$15,936,290.

Unions Win Butte Strike.

The Bell Telephone Company at Butte, Mont., has settled the strike of the linemen and operators which started fifteen months ago, by conceding nearly every point in dispute, even having dismissed some of the injunction suits under which labor leaders had been sent to jail. The company had been completely paralyzed by the boycott, despite the injunctions, as the merchants had not dared to use the phones for fear of losing trade.

To Reduce Cotton Acreage.

Throughout the South members of the Farmers' Co-operative and Educational Union have begun plowing up a portion of their cotton fields to insure against an excessive crop. Besides this, the yield will be further reduced by the damage from floods in the Southwest.

Deficit for the New Haven.

The New Haven railroad system reports the largest deficit for the last quarter since the beginning of the panic last fall, the shortage being \$988,837. This condition exists in spite of rigid reduction in operating expenses.

To Give the Idle Work.

The leaders in the new National Prosperity Association say that they have begun negotiations with the leading manufacturers of the country to induce the latter to apply every increase in business to the re-employment of workers.

MEMORIAL DAY AT GETTYSBURG

These graves, which show where blood was shed, These mounds, now strewn with roses red, Recall past days of bitter strife, When brother sought his brother's life. That hate, which once had unknown power, Has turned to love in this glad hour; No more shall war, with throat'ning air, Arise to drive us to despair.

Each soldier brave who now survives Recounts the blessings he derives From untold hardships he endured And what to all has been secured.

The gray, the blue, their loves here show For comrades resting still and low; Beneath these mounds their forms will lie Till Gabriel calls them to the sky.

Soon all these living soldiers, bent With years that Father Time has lent, Will rest within these hallowed grounds; Still friends will strew with flowers their mounds.

Where once was hate, love reigns instead; Love rules the heart and guides the head; Dread civil war we no more fear, Since love grows strong from year to year.

May peace throughout all time be ours, A pledge be these expressive flowers, And as each coming year they bloom, May they adorn a soldier's tomb.

Here Meade, the hero of this field, Caused Lee, with all his hosts to yield To force of arms as well controlled As those of Marathon of old.

Now two score years have passed, and more, Since those dark days of war were o'er, Yet time moves on, and on and on; Soon our last veteran will be gone.

Their ranks grow thin each passing year; There'll soon be none to answer "Here!" Then all will be enrolled on high, Where are no tears, nor e'en a sigh.

Still songs will be forever taught To tell of deeds through valor wrought By those who fought and died to save Our land from a dishonored grave.

THE 30TH OF MAY.

Memories Recalled by the Great National Anniversary.

The return of this national anniversary has a testimony to offer you. Every Decoration Day witnesses a smaller number of northern and southern veterans. The maximum is passed; the minimum increases daily and annually. The flowers upon graves and chaplets woven around faded banners bear testimony that the republic cannot forget her old soldiers, can never allow them to be visited with social contempt. Mr. Lincoln, the greatest figure of the past, declared that the world "can never forget what they did." Decoration and Deed go together. Some things may cause controversy, but when men have fought and bled and suffered, no wordy war can supplant their claims on our respect.

Let two veterans meet who fought on opposite sides, and their stories are mingled with their tears. No warmer comradeship, no more fraternal intercourse could be desired. There is no more honorable feeling than that of one brave man for another equally brave. To-day the feeling will predominate, and among the reminiscences of strife will be the actual over-brooding presence of peace, good will and loving unity.

Decoration Day is the gift of the womanhood of our land thirty or less years ago. They gave it not with triumphant peans of victorious rejoicing, but amid heartache and grief and tears were those first graves decorated, the name bestowed and the date perpetuated. If there is a more sacred gift than that born of a suffering woman's holy love, one does not know it. And we are convinced that the soldier's mother who prayed for him in the closed room of intercession, and his sweetheart and his wife who loved him as none other did or could, will demand that Decoration Day shall ever represent their hearts, and its flowers their hopes beyond the veil, and its tears and joy, like rain and sunshine in spring's mingling of both, be indicative of the mingled feelings with which they reconsecrated the places where lay the dead of blue and of gray.

The Senates and Legislatures of federal and State governments have decreed many public occasions. Here is one ordained by those whose common suffering and charity and patience have ever redeemed the credit of a people, whose silence enhances their glory—the women of the war, who gave us Decoration Day.

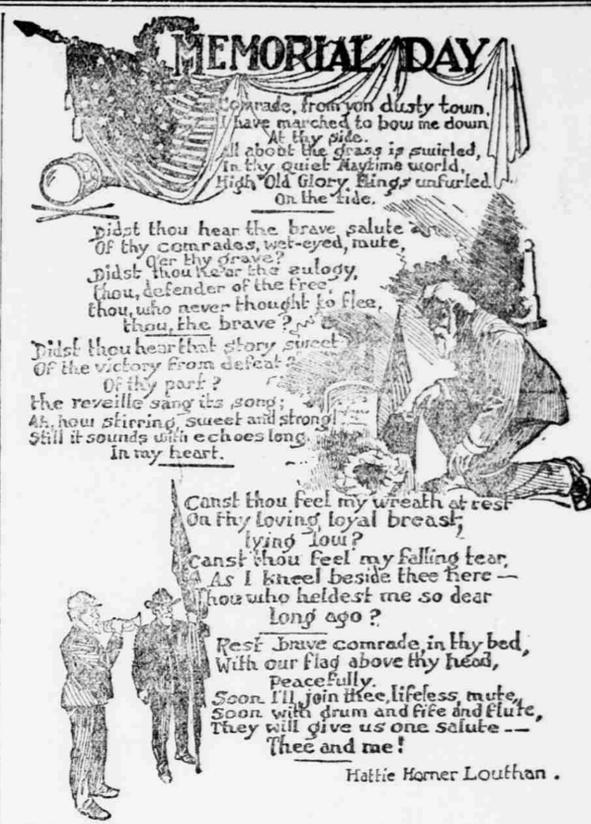
The lessons of patriotic value taught by this day can be discerned by all. Amid chaos the country struggled into more permanent being. Disasters enriched her. In strife more than in lassitude she developed her latent forces, and the red rain of blood brought forth a harvest of devotion immortal in our annals.

The spirit of those days was rude, but she evoked great men to control them, and as one surveys the list of heroes, the question forces itself: "When shall we look upon their like again?"

Peace has dangers no less great than those of strife, and sometimes the more to be dreaded because the less to be discerned. The rights and privileges purchased for us during the past century and a half are ours to keep, increase and bequeath to those who come after us. Now, shall we not act so as to earn, if not the soldier's glorious wreath, at least a modest flower of remembrance for the maintenance of right?

For if Washington and Lincoln could ride at the head of every festive procession in this nation on May 29, they would cry aloud: "Maintain! Maintain! Let your birthright, purchased in blood, be kept in undefiled security!"

Decoration Day bears one last word of testimony to our peaceful unity and solidarity as a nation. "Irrepressible" conflicts are repressed, schisms are healed, localities and sectionalisms lost sight of in the truer, saner view this day affords. East and West, North and South are as indivisible in that common sentiment of American patriotism which no party discussions can disturb as are Rhode Island and Connecticut. Express trains



National Tribune.

Didst thou hear the brave salute Of thy comrades, wet-eyed, mute, Didst thou hear the aulogy, Thou, defender of the free, Thou, who never thought to flee, Thou, the brave? Didst thou hear that story sweet Of the victory from defeat? Of thy part? The reveille sang its song; Ah, how stirring, sweet and strong! Still it sounds with echoes long In thy heart.

HANGING A GUERRILLA.

He Accepted His Fate Without a Word or Tear.

A shot had been fired at us as we rode along the highway in column of fours, and a trooper reeled and pitched from his saddle, shot through the heart. The shot was fired by a guerrilla hidden in a corn field, and we got the order to throw down the fence and ride through the field. He was captured at the far end of it, just as he was about to gain the woods. He was a man 50 years old, grim and grizzled and with eyes of defiance.

"Wall, what is it?" he quietly asked of his captors.

"Do you live about here?" "In the cabin down there." "Got a family?" "Yes." "Want to bid 'em good-by?" "I reckon."

"Come along!" The cabin was reached in five minutes. A gray-haired woman and a girl of 15—wife and daughter—stood in the open door.

"What is it, Jim?" asked the wife as the man stood before her.

"Gwine to kill me, I reckon!" he replied.

"What fur?" "Fur killin' one of them."

"Hil' good-by, Jim?" "Good-by, Daddy!" from the girl. "Good-by!"

No hand shakes—no tears—no sentiment—no pleading. Ten rods below the house was a large shade tree. Two or three halbers were knotted together—the rope thrown over a limb—a noose slipped over the man's head, and next moment he was dangling clear of the ground. He had no excuses—made no

plea—asked no mercy. He went to his death with stoicism of an Indian. Wife and daughter stood in the doorway and saw all, but there were no tears—no outburst. As we were ready to ride away the woman came slowly down to the spot, looked at the body for half a moment, and then turned to ask: "Is Jim dead?" "Yes," answered the captain. "Hil'!" And she walked slowly back to the house and entered it and shut the door, and we rode on and left the corpse hanging.—Detroit Free Press.

New Story of Bishop McCabe.

An interesting incident of life in Libby by prison was recalled by Colonel C. E. Bradshaw addressing a meeting of representatives of the patriotic organizations of Washington. The name of Bishop McCabe was mentioned.

"I recall one of the darkest, stormiest, rainiest nights at old Libby," said Colonel Bradshaw. "The Union prisoners were huddled together on one of the lower floors, and the rain was coming in on them in a perfect deluge. Among the captives in blue was Bishop McCabe, then a chaplain. In his excess of good nature he saw the humorous side of even such a situation as I have described. While our boys, hungry and cold, were trying to keep warm and dry, a voice was raised above the howling of the tempest outside and could be heard in all parts of the prison: "Hands on your pocketbooks!"

"The voice was that of Chaplain McCabe, who knew full well that there was not a single dollar in all that great crowd of shivering Yankee soldiers. The sally caused an outburst of laughter, notwithstanding the uncomfortableness of the situation."—Washington Star.

A Popular Myth Exploded.

"There is a popular myth," says Colonel Mosby, "that Pope announced his general order upon taking command that his headquarters would be in the saddle." The fact is that Pope never said any such thing, but it has become an article of faith in the South. To question its truth in Virginia would be regarded as being as great an act of impiety as to discredit the legend of Pocahontas and Captain Smith."

THE WAR TIME PHOTOGRAPH.



"My goodness, gran'pa, were you ever as young as that?" "That was taken the day we marched away * * * forty-six years ago. I was the drummer boy. * * * The men used to laugh at me and my big drum, and they called me the baby of the regiment." "They don't laugh at you now, do they, gran'pa?" "Not many of them, poor fellows. * * * Why, my goodness, I'm just as young as that now, but, you see, I have to look older because I'm a grandpa, you know. I just do it to keep up appearances."—Chicago Tribune.